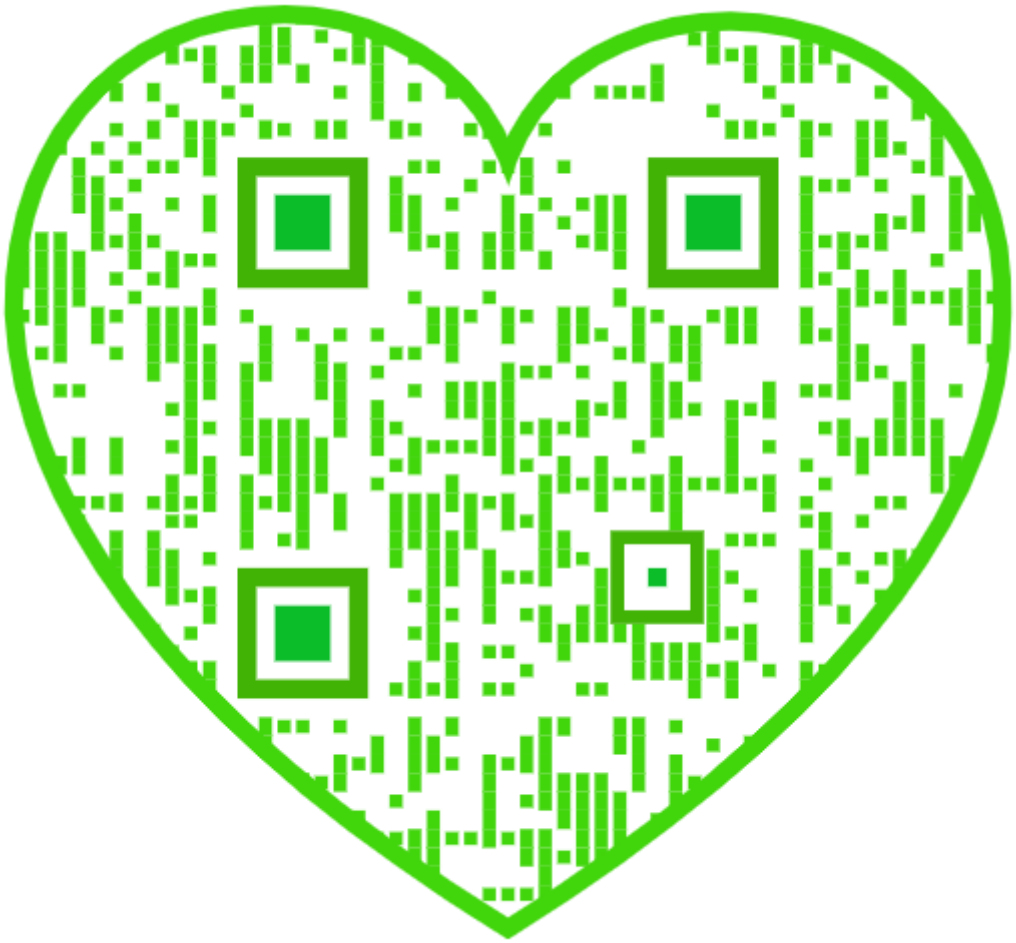
Patriotic
Edition

THE OTHER FELLOW

By One Of
The Fellows
Rich'd. W. Lewis



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The Other Fellow

Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others. — SAINT PAUL

BY

RICHARD W. LEWIS

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Author of "Preaching to Children," "All Aboard, or Where Traveling and Why?" "What's a Man?" "Home Life Studies," "Lewis' S. S. Lesson Study Record," "Harnessing Young Colts," "The Devil's Diary," "Bible Topic Cards," Etc.

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INTRODUCTION

To the "Other Fellow":

Here is a book written for you. It is also a book about you. Don't read it all at once, as I did. Take it a chapter or a page or a thought or a rhyme at a time. When you think the author is too blunt, think again. When you think him harsh, take a square look at yourself and the world you know. When you think him bitter, ask yourself if it is not a wholesome bitterness. I have known Dick Lewis a long time and I never knew him to speak smooth things just in order to please. He believes the "other fellow" needs to be waked up. Is he right?

Then, my dear "other fellow," get out into life and take the part of some "other fellow" still. Put yourself in that "other

fellow's" place. Find your good in seeking the "other fellow's" good. That's the lesson the writer of this book wants you to learn. Learn it and you'll be happy. How long? Always.

F. K. F.

PREFACE

IN THE BEGINNING

Let it be said, self seems to be the center of our times. There are many most refreshing exceptions. But the rank and file of humanity thinks, speaks, acts, lives, moves and has its being around the one little life-center, S-E-L-F.

It is unpleasant to believe it; it is embarrassing to admit it; it is unpopular to state it. But facts are facts, just as surely as "Pigs is Pigs!"

The every-day injunction to a parting friend, "Be good to yourself," is as suggestive of modern life's center as it is use-

less. The one thing all hands are doing is to take care of self.

What we need in this busy, on-rushing age is to stop long enough to realize that there are two selves—this and that; and that the other self has its rights, just as well defined, and just as important, and just as sweet and sacred to him, as ours are to us.

This book, "The Other Fellow," has been written to invite people to step around where the other fellow stands, and to there carefully consider his standpoint, and contemplate his rights from his viewpoint.

There is little use to appeal to old human fossils. Adults set in their ways can hardly be jostled out of the ruts even by using a stick of dynamite! But the young,

yes, the YOUNG—this appeal is especially directed to them.

Life is but a series of habits. Each day adds its installment. He who will study himself, know himself, watch himself in the light of the other fellow's interest, may easily discipline himself to display a beautiful and touching deference towards others. This makes the finished gentleman!

That some can be helped to consider the other fellow may be shown by the fact that the author of this book received an unfading impression many years ago from reading "Ourselves and Others," a little book written by Dr. H. Clay Trumbull. In some sense that book may be said to have inspired this one. "Ourselves and Others" is most heartily commended to the public by this author

as unique, entertaining and character-building.

Manhood has found its highest level in the life of the least self-centered of all men—the Christ-man. Nothing in all human experience has been so beautiful as His utter forgetfulness of self, and the constant thoughtfulness of others.

That at least some may be led out of self into sympathetic touch with others, uplifting them and leading them into a higher order of life and labor for the honor of God and the help of humanity, this little volume has seen the light.

THE AUTHOR.

Meridian, Miss.

CONTENTS

Chapter I. In the Home.
Chapter II. In the Class.
Chapter III. In Society.
Chapter IV. In Business.
Chapter V. On the Train.
Chapter VI. Under Burdens.
Chapter VII. Behind the Bars.
Chapter VIII. In Church.
Chapter IX. In a Tight.
Chapter X. In Politics.
Chapter XI. In the Wrong.
Chapter XII. In Trouble.
Chapter XIII. In Prosperity.
Chapter XIV. The Other Fellow's Other Self.

An Editorial from "Life"

WHEN IT'S THE "OTHER FELLOW."

Have you ever noticed? When the Other Fellow acts that way he is "ugly;" when you do it's "nerves." When the Other Fellow is set in his ways he's "obstinate;" when you are, it is just "firmness."

When the Other Fellow doesn't like your friends he's "prejudiced;" when you don't like his you are simply showing that you are a good judge of human nature.

When the Other Fellow tries to treat someone especially well he is "toadying;" when you try the same game you are using "tact."

When the Other Fellow takes time to do things he is "dead slow;" when you do it you are "deliberate."

When the Other Fellow spends a lot he is a "spendthrift;" when you do you are "discriminating."

When the Other Fellow holds too tight to his money he is "close;" when you do you are "prudent."

When the Other Fellow dresses extra well he's a "dude;" when you do it is simply "a duty one owes to society."

When the Other Fellow runs great risks in business he's "foolhardy;" when you do you are a "great financier."

When the Other Fellow says what he thinks, he's "spiteful;" when you do you are "frank."

When the Other Fellow won't get caught in a new scheme, he's "back-

woodsy;" when you won't you are "conservative."

When the Other Fellow goes in for music and pictures and literature, he's "effeminate;" when you do you are "artistic."

The Other Fellow

CHAPTER I

THE OTHER FELLOW IN THE HOME

It's a great thing to be a boy. Blessed is he who can say, "I've been one." It's a great thing to have been a boy in a home. Not in "a Home." The plain kind beats the padded sort. "A Home" is better than no home, however. But a boy in his father's home—his own home—must have company. Another boy comes. Then the fun begins. They waive formalities. There are no stereotyped greetings. They stand and stare. The situation is being seized. "Where'd ye git it?" "Bought it." "Lemme see it." "Here, lemme show ye." Then the

temptation: Who shall enjoy the new knife, the owner, or "the other fellow?" My word for it, nine times out of ten the visitor must be satisfied to cut with the old knife! How early human nature crops out! "The other fellow" will pull the sled up the hill twice and ride down once—watch it. The dispensing of special privileges!

Look at "the other fellow" riding behind on horseback—never before! "You can't manage him. He don't know you like he does me. 'Taint safe fer anybody but me!"

Sometimes "the other fellow" is a hungry preacher. The small boy waits, watches and prays—that all that chicken won't enter the ministry!

"O, it's lodged in the top of that tree! If you will climb up and git it, I'll let you hold the string next time!" Motto:

Use all the suckers you can! The world's full of them. Let them pay for their privileges. Hire someone to climb for your kite. It's dangerous to risk it. "Be good to yourself."

Then they go fishing. Charles has a pole, a line, a hook, but no cork. He spits on his bait. Soon there's a bite. Then he jerks. Out he comes—a big, blue "cat!" Dick's heart goes pit-a-pat. His cork bobs gently, but not a nibble. It is the motion of the water. Charles pulls out another. This time "a whopper!" He's on the string. Quiet reigns, save in Dick's heart; it's all a-flutter. He breathes excitedly, expectantly. Then Charles lands his third! Dick draws up his hook, and spits on his bait. Still there's "narry bite!" Big-hearted, sympathetic Charles says, "Put yer hook right there, where

I had mine, and you'll ketch the next one." Moving away eighteen inches, Charles swings his fourth. Dick gets his first nibble. He jerks, but only a baitless hook! When Charles had ten, Dick had two! Isn't that life? You've seen two men fish in the same hole for years, and one catch success, the other failure. Why? "The other fellow" sometimes seems to live a "charmed life." Luck? "Nope." No such thing. Put a "p" before it. There *is* PLUCK, but no luck. There's art in fishing. It's knowing how. Knowing before doing.

The home boy and the visitor—"the other fellow," were told not to play ball in the house; but they did. In an evil moment it crushed through the glass. Later, when "the other fellow" had gone home, there was a reckoning. "Who did it?" But who could truth-

fully say? They both played. How easy to dodge behind uncertainty! Who would be the wiser? Why not? "The other fellow" is absent. Anyway, he would not be punished. Here's a crisis. Thus character is made or maimed. The world is full of sneaks. Get out of all you can. Saddle it on "the other fellow." Present ease, if future disease. "An honest confession" is hard to make, even if it is "good for the soul!" There's the other way: refuse to "squeal" on the culprit. Questionable gentility, but a common code of morals. Is a wrong-doer entitled to protection? Does protecting the culprit expose the community? What would the grand jury say? Shall we furnish the Devil with a cloak for his sin? "Who broke the glass?" Have we a right to enquire? a right to know? Which right takes

precedence, the owner's, or the offender's? These profound problems begin in boyhood. They linger in manhood. They are worth settling. "Who broke the glass?" The manly boy will voluntarily confess before going home. That settles it!

CHAPTER II

THE OTHER FELLOW IN THE CLASS

Boys do not stay in the home. Hard by the home is the school. The home and the school shake hands. They have much work in common. Often they see things reversed, however. The fellow who stands "head" in the home, often stands "foot" in the school. The home and the school don't always classify alike. In the home a boy may be named "Only;" in the school he'll have "the other fellow" to reckon with. It's one thing to stand "head" in a class of one; quite another to stand "head" in a class of one hundred.

Where one is dull, "the other fellow" is brilliant. Nature does not treat all

alike. She is both partial and whimsical. That's her business—it's ours to face the facts. The more partial nature is, the harder one must work to overcome her handicaps. What's lacking in brains may be overcome by strains. Your hard time today matches the other fellow's hard time tomorrow. He "skins;" you don't; he skims, therefore you won't. He skips, you stay; he fails, you succeed.

Sometimes "the other fellow" enters school from the country. He wears jeans breeches and brogans. His shirt is home-made. His socks are knitted of home-spun yarn. He is ugly and awkward. His face is freckled; his nose is bowed, and his hair is disheveled. He's a sight! Boys smile at him. Girls shy at him. He's boycotted. He's isolated and insulated. He has plenty of time for study. Unpopular with the crowd,

his books become popular with him, and he gains favor with his professors. Soon this "other fellow" passes all the lesser fellows in going "from foot to head of the class!" "He laughs best who laughs last." The tables turn. The icicles melt. The insulation cracks. The boy-cotted becomes the boy-coddled. Fame comes out of infamy.

School success paves the way for business success. The hard knocks of yesterday help untie the hard knots of today. Softlings go down before "the other fellow" now. He is once more passing the funning fellows! Now they are seeking his favor. Now they come for positions. Now they would borrow his money. There are always fellows, just everyday, ordinary fellows, ready to poke fun at "the other fellow," but let

them beware! It is not always possible to foretell the fate of that other fellow!

Often "the other fellow" brings with him from the country to the town school his religion. Then he's the "parson!" He's a "goody-goody sissie," and his old sunbonnet Christian mother's religion is laughed at. But watch him. If he's sincere; if it's a genuine case; if he prays to his mother's God, this "other fellow," unlike those fellows who make light of his religion, has a secret source of strength. In the time of need he'll draw on it. It will stand him well in hand. Nor will such a young man, under any consideration, ignore his sunbonnet mother. He will stand by her—ignorance, tackiness, awkwardness and all. And that's a man—a real man!

When "the other fellow" is the school teacher himself, thereby hangs another

tale. Much character-building work the home should do, the teacher must do. Discipline in the home saves chastisement in the school. Proper home training tells its tale in the schoolroom.

To our shame be it said that school teachers are the most overworked and underpaid of all our high-class workmen. Their work is both delicate and difficult. A horse trainer is far better paid. A blacksmith makes more money. Even if many teachers do teach to fill in, who can censure them? If many marry the first good chance they get, who can blame them? They are not duly appreciated. Their work is not supported and encouraged by parents as it should be. They are seldom entertained in homes by parents as they should be. They receive far too little commendation. Nor are they supported in

their discipline as they deserve to be. If it is the other fellow's boy who gets the flogging, "he deserved it;" but if it is your boy, notify the teacher you will flog him on sight! Do that and you will practically close your son's school career. Only when the home stands by the school can the school give the home its best help.

CHAPTER III

THE OTHER FELLOW IN SOCIETY

You will always find him. He is in the backwoods where "Virginia reels" are danced, and the "pigeon wing" is cut. He is in the village where "parties" and "socials" abound. He is in the city where gilded halls are brilliantly lighted, and giddy guests are delighted. The ever-in-evidence, the always-ubiquitous "other fellow" is in society!

In boyhood you have your first introduction to this "other fellow." He's in hiding; you're confiding. It crops out—there's another fellow! She admits it. You can now no longer doubt it. The wound seems deep and awful. Life appears stale and poky. Sugar is no longer

sweet. Violets are no longer blue. His verdict: "All women are treacherous." Trust nobody! Not even yourself.

Sometimes "the other fellow" has only an even start. But he's more witty. Or he sings a ditty. Or he's more handsome. Or he has more money. Or he's a scholar beyond you. Or he's a gentleman around you—or something else superior.

Then how you study him! Or how you will muddy him. Else you'll "fix" him. Perhaps you'll just mix him—anything, everything, since so many things are fair in love and war.

But what's the use? Just keep cool. All things come to him who keeps cool. Don't flutter. Never mutter. Grip your nerve. Never swerve. "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady." "All's well that ends well." Women are puzzles. Few men solve them. Many dissolve them.

Better resolve them. Hold on. Keep it up. She's watching. Her note book's filling up. She strikes the balance—in your favor, *if* you are near enough! The fellow hard-by always holds the advantage. Out of sight out of might.

But all the time keep your eyes on "the other fellow." You can't tell who he is; nor where he is; nor when he is going to Bob Up, or Bill Down. She was charming—strangely so. Her face was gracefully chiseled. Her figure was trim and neat. Her eyes were pleasing and pulling. Her lips were red and ripe. She used all her charms to charming advantage. She won. Then he groaned. "The other fellow" heard his deep love-sighs. (True love always hurts its victim.) His friend, "the other fellow," enquired. He confided. His friend sympathized (?) smilingly. He

wondered; but why? He had blundered! The friend (?) said, "I addressed her last night; she accepted. Be my best man!" Moral: Watch "the other fellow" when you go "courting." It may be another Miles Standish case.

Seven men met another fair maiden. Seven admired her. Seven told her so. It was hard to decide. She hesitated and vacillated. Then she migrated—to California. Seven letters—wooing letters, cooing letters, followed her. Then "the other fellow" traversed the continent. Each to the other was a nonentity. But they met. Then they sat—tete-a-tete. She blushed; he pushed—his suit. O wonder of wonders! Who could believe it? "The other fellow," near, outwooed and outwon seven afar! And a preacher "to boot!"

The ways of a woman, and the ways of "the other fellow"—who can tell? But she had a reason—women always do, if it is only, "because." HE WAS PURE! Most women think more of pursity than of purity. Many of them boast of enjoying "sporty men." Too often it's the wild man who sets a woman "wild." But there's always the infernal, vernal and eternal "wild oats" reaping! Big harvest these days—and women to blame. Bless them, they hold the KEY to the situation. They can make or mar men—they do both. The men know it, the women ought to see it. Will they?

CHAPTER IV

THE OTHER FELLOW IN BUSINESS

Business ethics—the thing to be! "Every fellow for himself, and the devil for us all," is the modern motto. For the "golden rule" a rule of steal. Undo "the other fellow" before he can "do" you. Run up his price, run down his wares. Competition is the lie of trade. Center around self. Submerge "the other fellow." Sly slings will do it. Underhand thrusts work well. Beware of open and overboard tactics! "Business is business," even when it is bleeding business. Dishonesty is the best pullacy. Go after the one thing. Get it at any cost. Crown cash over character. Win wealth of cash even if you lose wealth

of character. Gain a fortune though you lose your family. "The other fellow" is not always your competitor—he may be your son. What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own son? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his son?

The big fortune was made. The son was educated—superficially. He knew no profession, nor had he a trade. He did not need to work. He grew tired of eating, drinking and spending. He yawned, stretched, pined and grieved for something to do. Later he was missing. Leaving the beautiful city of Denver, he had moved to the wilds of Montana. He there turned "cowboy." A cattle camp preferred to a city mansion! Watch still more carefully and more closely "the other fellow"—when he is your own son.

Another fortune was made. The maker was still young. But he looked old. He felt tired. He was sick. With a quarter of a million to his credit, the golden cord was broken. The funeral was fine. The flowers cost a small fortune. The friends gathered from far and near. Soon all was over. The days of mourning passed. Now what? Then began the output of a great input. An ocean voyage was arranged and realized. Money makes "a merry widow!" "Nice men" are plentiful (?). Many are leisurely looking for loose filthy lucre. It advertises itself outside the papers. So, "the other fellow" appeared on the scene. At first the new papa was interesting. Later there was a family tragedy. Peace in the home demanded partiality —towards papa. Poor children! "The other fellow" did it. O, the foolish

father! Why not his business placed in other hands voluntarily and sooner? Why not *his* money take *him* to Europe? Why should he gather for "the other fellow" to scatter? Why should business bring banishment; and banishment bring a burial? More rest, and less unrest. Less money and more "spoony!" Less folly and more family. More fellow and less of "the other fellow!"

Business and pleasure go together—in proper proportions. Money is made for man—to spend. Hoarded gain is harbored pain. When money rules the man is ruined. Let silver serve its sovereign head. Let man master his money. Cash should not be King. Give Character the scepter. That'll beat the millionaire reign. "'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true," that Cash, not Character, is King today.

OLD KING CASH

Old King Cash sits on his throne,
And rules the world he calls his own;
A tyrant bold with crown of gold,
On ev'ryone he has a hold.

Old King Cash rules with the lash,
His sceptre sways and there's a crash!
The cruel thing! he has no heart—
His victims fall in ev'ry mart.

Old King Cash with tyrant air,
Sways his sceptre ev'rywhere.
Old King Cash—he has "a pull,"
And rules "on 'change" both "bear" and
"bull."

Old King Cash—he deals in slime,
And thrives the best in golden grime.
His trade-mark is a dollar bill,
And tainted bills his coffers fill.

CHAPER V

THE OTHER FELLOW ON THE TRAIN

Trains have come to stay. Others did not feel the need of them. We could not do without them. They make our business. They shape our society. They serve our churches. They are the essential servants of the public. Fellows, odd fellows, old fellows, the other fellows —all fellows ride them. Some fellows deride them. But watch all the fellows how they enter. Then watch them disembark. Breakneck pushing; crowding and rushing! Each fellow ignoring "the other fellow." Even women brushed aside by boors and buffoons. No need for the New York subway slogan, "Step lively." They do

it, one and all. Grip grinds against grip. Knees knock against knees. Shoulders scrape against shoulders. Men jostle against men, and women pile pellmell against each other. "The other fellow" has now been eliminated. On or off—makes no difference. Rush! That's the word. Push "the other fellow" along—that's the plan. "Passengers take their time," has no effect. It falls on deaf ears. They MUST hurry. There's a fire, or a funeral, or a marriage, or a bargain sale, or a policeman, or a tax-collector—something ahead, or behind, or beside, or somewhere. Something of an attraction, or detraction, or distraction—anyway, it's ACTION! "The other fellow" is now worse than eliminated—he's annihilated!

Once on board, a mania for expansion seizes the passengers. They are

spreading themselves. It takes four seats for one person! Another station is reached. Other passengers rush and push and crowd and crash and cram and jam just as these aboard did before them. At last they are inside. "Seats all taken!" They see it writ large on all faces. But on they come, sighing, swelling, swearing, frowning, fussing, fuming. On all the seats they pass are limbs and legs, bags and baggage, boxes and bandboxes, bird cages and poodle pups. "Is this seat taken?" "Don't you see it is, sir?" "May I occupy this seat with you, madam?" "I guess so," reluctantly. "Pardon me, the car is crowded, so I must ask to turn this seat for the ladies." Daggers and dog-on-yous, hatred and hades, maledictions and murders, boiling and blistering at you! Throw up the red flag! (Danger signal.) You have

disturbed the peace: call for the officer of the law at the next station!

At last all are seated and settled. Still they spread out. And these same who lambasted "the other fellow" just now, follow suit to become the butts of denunciation and execration, excoriation and castigation of newcomers. O, to see ourselves as others see us! Are YOU guilty? Can you see yourself in "the other fellow?"

The car window is now raised, though the day is chilly. The big, brawny, hot-blooded "bud" from the backwoods is ventilating himself. Often the offender is a warm-natured woman, thick-skinned, thinly clad. But it's all the same—the window is up, much up. And it stays up. You shiver, you quiver, you mutter. You look around at the offender. You frown. You try mental suggestion. You

then stare the offender square in the face. Mentally you discuss the situation. Then you all but inwardly "cuss." Will it never come down? Will that hot-blooded boor never cool off? Must everybody in the car take cold, or more cold, or a new cold, or a deep cold, or their death of cold, or at least some cold, while that self-centered for-get-me-not gazes listlessly out the window, gulping down gallons of fresh air, and administers to unwilling passengers uncalled-for ventilation, reducing the temperature to the low degree of a high-power refrigerator?

Now it grows dark. The chair car is full, because purses are so near empty—possibly because some are short on generous self-care. The porter turns down the lights. Many are soon sleeping. But two are talking. The man has a bumble-

bee-in-the-jug voice. The woman's shrill, piping voice furnishes a striking contrast. They say nothing, but they make a great noise. Sleep is wooed by many, but not won. One passenger grows nervous. Another awakes, the buzzing sound is so distinct and dominant. All open eyes are now, about midnight, turned on the consequential couple. They are pleased that their wise (?) remarks are attracting attention. Feeling complimented, they talk the louder. Yet they say no more than before. Will it never once occur to them that "the other fellow" wants to sleep? that he is entitled to it? that he has paid for it? that the car does not belong to them? that they are monopolizing the night? By the way, why should not the railroad commissions arise in their might and prescribe common-sense regulations to

prevent non-sense precluding sleep in a chair car? This hint from the passenger's standpoint may be worth while.

Back in the sleeping car berths have been made down. Passengers have retired. Many are now sleeping soundly. One berth has been reserved ahead. A big, brawny, beefy man enters the car and claims it. Across the aisle from him there is a baby. That baby is restless, sleepless, comfortless. It whines, it whimpers, it cries outright. The big man twists and turns, contorts and cavorts. The child's crying subsides but to break out afresh. The beefy fellow can stand it no longer. He pokes his bulky blockhead out from between parting curtains, and commands, "If you can't make that baby hush up, take it out. Passengers pay enough for the privilege of sleeping to get it." A calm,

subdued, and well-disciplined voice replies, "My friend, I'm sorry for the disturbance, but this babe's mother is a corpse in the baggage car ahead, and for two sleepless days and nights I have been trying to play the mother's part as best I can."

It was a heavy, coarse, muffled voice, full of tenderness and sympathy, which replied, "I beg your pardon, sir," and soon the big man was dressed, and again sticking his bulky head in between curtains—the other fellow's curtains, he said, with a mellow, musical voice, "Forgive me, my friend, and give me that baby while you sleep." The bargain was hard to drive, but was driven, and soon the big man, now showing his big heart, held a motherless babe close in his tender arms, and he steadily walked the aisles the whole night through, while the

worn-out father slept and snored, and the ponderous Mallet engine of the California Limited puffed and snorted, whistled and wheezed and whirled through the air, making sixty miles an hour, from San Francisco to Chicago. Ah, if we only knew! Could we only stand for a second in the other fellow's shoes!

Now step into the cafe car. Take your seat and study the menu. There's nothing low down about, unless it be the final "tip." And that's just the point. Here's a wealthy business man. His meal has cost him $2.50. He leaves twenty-five cents in change for the waiter. Others are leaving their "tips," some twenty, some fifteen, some ten, a few only five cents, but all some cents. But what will *you* leave? How many thousands follow "the other fellow," do-

ing as he does, without strength of character to act independently! The average person "tips" the waiter, willingly or unwillingly, able or unable, because it's the custom. How refreshing to find a few independents, acting as they feel or know they should, not as they feel they must, to keep up with the other fellow's pace!

CHAPTER VI

THE OTHER FELLOW UNDER BURDENS

We all have them—burdens. Perhaps three-fourths of our burdens are real, the others imaginary. But it is all the same in effect. So all the world is burdened—in fact or in feeling. Walk down the street; pass by the pressing throng. Catch the jokes; mark the smiles; note the laughter. But the burdens are there. Man may want but little here below—but he *wants* it. When an American wants he wants. He does nothing tamely, not even his wanting. In his wanting, as in other things, he's vigorous and vehement. With him it's passionate wanting. It's desperate striving after his wants. Get it at any cost.

Hence indigestion; hence nervousness; hence insomnia; hence Americanitis; hence suicide. It's an exchange of burdens—that's all

Passing the street we gaze into the massive mansions and princely palaces. What care can canker there? What burdens can embarrass that household? What comfort and peace must preside there! But, alas, we know not. "The other fellow" does. Each heart knows best its own bitterness. Not all is gold that glitters. A gilded wall may hold a guilty soul. A skeleton may skulk in the closet. Enter; reconsider; recant. There are burdens everywhere—even in palatial homes. The tramp has no monopoly on misery. The hobo has no "corner" on care. The bum is not the only burdenbearer. "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house," is another

way of saying, "Thou shalt not beg thy neighbor's burdens." "Man never is, but always to be blessed"—because he has no sense! "Let well enough alone." The middle words make the crux. Be sure of them. There are conditions that should be changed? There are burdens that should be exchanged? Make sure of the "well enough"—let it alone.

The three-fourths are unhappy because they know they haven't. The other fourth, the other fellows, are unhappy because they don't know they have. Few rich men admit their riches. People who live in palaces tire of delicacies. They, too, are bored. A satisfied want dies, like a grain of corn, in producing others. The more you have the more you want. One thing calls for another thing. Be sure that you are too wise to envy "the other fellow." Hamlet-like,

it may be better to put up with present ills, rather than to seek others you know not of. Blessedness, another name for happiness, is in the heart. It does not hang on walls. You can't spread it on floors. It can't be painted on canvas. It won't be bound in traveling bags and baggage. You can't contain it in a pass book, nor get it from a check book. You can't wear it on your back, nor carry it in your stomach. It does not live in "jobs," nor grow in "positions." It is not a thing of sight, nor a matter of might. It makes its nest in the heart, and there it hatches its blessed brood. When the heart is heavy, the life is burdened. When the heart is light, the life is bright. Get your heart right, and clean and sweet, and you won't envy "the other fellow." A right heart sets all else

aright. Get rid of your burdens by getting rid of your wrongs.

But burdens warp, and twist and contort. Burdened men are rarely normal. When burdens become so heavy as to hardly be endured, a fellow acts funny! Make allowance for him. Here he comes to the counter. He has six dollars. His wife has sent him for seven dollars' worth of wares. He's fairly well dressed. You size him up as a gentleman. So he is—in mind, but not in money. He "prices" things. He stickles for pennies. You are disgusted. You have no patience with his penuriousness. You are glad when he is gone. You do not understand "the other fellow." You have no wife and children. You have no rent to pay, nor coal bill, nor groceries, nor lights, nor water. You rode half a mile in a dry car. He walked a

mile in the rain. Your salary enables you to eat a square meal; this man was laid off a week, and now knows the pangs of hunger. You have no one for whom to sacrifice and save; this man shows his heroism by silently suffering that six dollars may buy seven dollars' worth of wares. The fellow behind the counter is one fellow—before the counter stands "the other fellow." It's one thing to stand; it's another thing to understand. Men may stand very near to each other and never understand one another. It's usually most difficult for one fellow to understand "the other fellow." Here's our need—to know the one the other; to count each one a brother. Human sympathy! To feel for "the other fellow!" That's it. Talk about heaven—there can be none any-

where without this. "Bear ye one another's burdens."

After all, would I do any better? Place me in the shoes of "the other fellow." Let me grapple and grip his problems, and would I beat it? It's one thing to stand by and look on. It's altogether different to take hold and tackle the job yourself.

It's a striking paradox. You will find it hard to believe. But nevertheless it is true: We lose our burdens by sharing the other fellow's. Perhaps partly because we, for the time, lose sight of our own. Maybe because of a subtle selfishness in the consciousness that we have wrought better than another. Or can it be the lingering remnant of divinity still lurking in our sin-scarred humanity? Who will say—philosopher, preacher, pedagog? Anyway the fact is

stated: we help ourselves by helping our burdened brother. Then we help two at a time. It's a sort of double blessing. Being blessed we bless, and blessing we are blessed—there it is; try it for yourself. You have tried long enough clustering your blessings around yourself. See how the world changes; how all grows brighter; how everything looks better, is better, when you become a radiating center. It's more blessed to send out to "the other fellow" than to center all on self. Every man is either a centre of contribution, or else a center of distribution.

But, with burdens off, what then? Is it always best so? We may envy "the other fellow" who seems to be burdenless. But suppose he is. Is he worth as much to the world without burdens as with them? Do not burdens call for

thought, and thought for action, and action for judgment, and judgment for character? What is a man worth without character? Is he not an undesirable dummy? Is he not a doless thing of living death? "Pilots gain their reputation from storms and tempests." Heroes are made in bloody battles, or in deadly dangers, or trying tragedies. Which is better, to be burdenless and characterless, or to bear the cross and wear the crown? The burdenless sons of the rich fail; the thorn-pressed brow of the backwoods boy wears the crown of success. This is the law. Wise men heed it, fools pass it by and are punished. Nature never rewards idleness. Only woes await the ease-taker. There's no work so hard as "no work."

We wear burdens that we may share burdens. Fellowship comes from com-

mon ownership. Sympathy is based upon identity of experience. There is a great brotherhood of burdenbearers. Humanity is a body: when one member is burdened, all should suffer.

CHAPTER VII

THE OTHER FELLOW BEHIND THE BARS

It is so easy, and so natural, and so general to say, "He ought to be there; he deserves it; let him take his medicine." Admit that it is true—all of it. But how did it happen? "The other fellow" brought it about. If there had been a less efficient sheriff; had other lawyers been on the other side; had a different jury been selected; had another judge presided—then what? Well, who can say? Probably the verdict had been altogether different. Our courts of (in) justice often seem most circumstantial. When the accidental does not rule, the technical reigns. When neither, there's bribery, maybe. So many elements

enter. It's really unpleasant to enumerate them. It is equally distasteful to recount them. It's quite unprofitable to rebuke them. Let it pass. The poor fellow certainly got there—behind the bars. Perhaps it's true, too true, that he deserves to be there.

But what about the other fellows? Are all the bad men behind the bars? You know, and you know you know, the right answer—"There are others." They have been too smooth. Their tricks have been too slick. They used their brains to beat the bars. So far they have succeeded. They may to the end. And their clandestine clan is numerous. They walk the streets with you. They wait on you in the offices and stores. They handle your lawsuits. They prescribe and weigh out your medicines. They even preach the gospel to you. They

know you when you do not recognize them. May not the recognition of these facts account for the zeal of a Jerry McAuley, the fervor of a Harry Monroe, the enthusiasm of a Mel Trotter, the investments of a Crittenden, the humanity of a McClurken, the sympathy of a Dudley?

There are three classes: the fellows on the inside of the bars who ought to be there; the fellows on the outside of the bars who ought not to be there; and the fellows on the outside of the bars who ought to be there. Who can say the proportion of the three classes? Then there are three things to be said about these three classes: Let the fellow on the inside be good and get out. Let the fellow on the outside get good and stay out; let "the other fellow" on the outside stay good and "watch out!"

CHAPTER VIII

THE OTHER FELLOW IN CHURCH

This is not meant for a preachment. It is not intended to sound sermony. But when "the other fellow" goes to church, as sometimes he does, how can this chapter be omitted? We, all of us, are interested in church some way, some time, to some extent. Some because they were born there—the second time. Others because they were wed there. Others because they learn life there. Most others because they will be crowned there—with floral bouquets and funeral blarney. It's so easy to be good at a funeral! the corpse, not only, but the preacher and the people. Had some-

body lent a little more kindness sooner, they might not need to relent thus later.

We wear our Sunday clothes to church and weave our Sunday schemes. Many a Monday success was conceived Sunday —at church!

"The other fellow" in the pulpit often provokes thought even when he fails to present it. A poor sermon sometimes suggests how much easier a better one might have been hatched from the same text. The "parson" lives a different life from "the other fellow" to whom he preaches. How easy, then, to preach a one-sided sermon. To preach a proper sermon to "the other fellow," the preacher should know the other fellow's life. The only way to really know it is to live it. Few men go to church today, because they hear so few men's sermons. The best of men need

help. The worst of men want help. They will welcome it. If the man in the pulpit can help the man in the pew, there'll be no lack of opportunity. People gaze about in church because they're given too little to grip their attention. The people expect the pulpit to provide for the soul. The body and mind are to be cared for elsewhere. But the pew is practical. It needs and asks direct treatment. Moonshine and mushrooms are poor pew food. Man's biggest problem is LIFE. Can the pulpit throw LIGHT on LIFE? Man is easily conscious of a moral nature. He knows that nature must be fed and sustained. He refuses all food not adapted to those ends. "The other fellow," taken in his sane, normal moments, is the better judge. Most of our ministers need to cultivate and

get better acquainted with "the other fellow."

When "the other fellow" than the communicant goes to church he necessarily sees some things demanding explanation. He wonders why worshippers of the Living God should "rubber-neck." To him this is disrespect shown the Creator by the creature. He also marvels that Christians should occupy pew-ends, and force strangers and the unsaved past protruding knees, in painful proximity thereto. Are not churchmen playing the host? Should not politeness be at its best in the House of God? Why not give "the other fellow" the best seat—the pew-end? Could not he appreciate it fully as much as you? Would not he grace it equally well? Sometimes selfishness takes a seat in church—it may be in the pulpit!

And watch that "collection" plate pass. Count its coins. Note the number of buttons: brass buttons, battered buttons, horn buttons, and pewter buttons. Learn the philosophy of those button offerings. Making a church offering is very much like "tipping" the waiter—it's the custom. It is one of the many things done to be seen of men. If "the other fellow" puts in, this fellow must also put in, if only a brazen, battered button. What monkeys we mortals be! But better pay apishly than never pay—you may get the habit. However, better never "button" yourself to the collection plate. You may deceive thus "the other fellow" by your side, but never the Lord. God is better pleased with one penny paid in the right spirit, than with a generous offering made to be seen of men.

There's another "other fellow" at church. You can't see him very well—he's hidden behind a hat! Surely some men never go to church because of huge hats and fine feathers. A man stands no chance where these pose before him. If only the women had split their hats instead of their skirts! Judgment Day excuse: "Lord, a woman's hat got in my way to heaven!" Saint Peter: "Truly that case calls for much clemency." Think what that hat stands for: foreign fashion; latest style; unconsecrated pride; unpardonable envy; uncalled-for extravagance; total eclipse; possible doom; eternal woe! A thing of beauty to annoy forever.

It's a notable fact that one man complains at the preacher, while "the other fellow" pays him. The biggest grumbler is often the least giver. This principle

pervades the secular as well as the sacred. Did you ever try the other fellow's job? What looks very easy to the onlooker is often far from so. When you get the other fellow's job he gets your sympathy. It's one thing to reprove, quite another thing to improve on "the other fellow." Would the preacher in the pew keep awake under his own sermons? Would the fellow from the pew fill the pulpit any better? Any fool can criticise: a wise man will sympathize.

Fellows of a fashion flock together. The big churches in our great cities are fashionable. Pity "the other fellow" when he dares to enter there. Usually neither welcome nor notice is accorded him. Castes of India! Outcasts of America. The rich man's church is no place for a poor man's Christianity. Christianity is a great equalizer.

Churchanity is a great tantalizer. The man who goes to church wants to feel comfortable. He is there for consolation. Not one's clothes but one's character needs saving. When both are shabby, so much the more need for church attendance. The church is not to be a Sunday club. Fine clothes should not be shown off in church. Should Christ come to church today unidentified, what welcome would he receive? Would not he welcome all classes to his house?

CHAPTER IX

THE OTHER FELLOW IN A TIGHT

"Circumstances alter cases." A man is not always A MAN. The normal man misunderstands the abnormal man. Don't be too severe on "the other fellow" until you know his circumstances. The man in a tight may not act right. Not every man who acts dishonestly is dishonest. Often ugly action is the choice of the lesser evil. Weaker minds must exercise weaker judgment. The one talent man was held responsible for one talent, not for ten. All men get into tight places. The smaller the man the tighter the place, and the oftener he gets there. Strong men seldom sympathize with the weak.

When we get in a tight place we look for help. When "the other fellow" is there, we are loath to give it. Should we get in a tight place, we are "victims of environment." When "the other fellow" gets there he is "a bad manager." When "the other fellow" gets in a tight place, "it serves him right." When we get there, "it is nothing short of an outrage." When "the other fellow" gets in a tight, "it was due to carelessness." When we get there, "it was simply unavoidable." When "the other fellow" gets in a tight place, "it was because of extravagant living." When we get there, "it is the result of poor collections." When "the other fellow" gets in a tight place, "it is because he sold on a credit." When we get there, "it is because our capital was too small." When "the other fellow" fails to pay

his debts, "he is dishonest." When we fail to meet our obligations, "we are the victims of unavoidable misfortunes." In other words, we wrap the mantle of charity around ourselves, while we expose "the other fellow" to scathing criticisms.

"The other fellow" in a tight place may be showing his other self—his baser self. We, under normal conditions, should show our better self, and sympathize. All men have human claims on us—especially "the other fellow" in a tight place. "Put yourself in his place," is the wise old adage. Look from the other fellow's viewpoint. If you were in his shoes what would you expect of others? True interest in "the other fellow" who is in a tight place involves self-forgetfulness. The loss of self in the interest of others is essential to the

highest service and the truest happiness. Man's chief end is not to get, but to give—help. Another's need is the measure of our responsibility, in the light of our ability. True service is expensive. "The other fellow" in a pinch seldom realizes what it has cost another to lend him a helping hand.

Nothing succeeds like success. Prosperous people are offered help when they don't need it. The rich ride on passes—poor people must pay the fare. It's the top dog that gets the pick, while the down dog gets a kick.

THE DIFFERENCE

When a man is up,
He's "a big bull pup;"
When a man is down,
He's "a mangy old houn'."

When a man can lift,
He's "a mighty fine shift;"
When a man gets flat,
He's "a dogged old cat."

When a man is rich,
He's given any niche;
When a man gets poor,
He's "a tramp at the door."

When a man has friends,
He's good for all ends;
When a man needs help,
He's "a stinkin' old whelp."

When a man can pay,
He's helped on his way;
When a man gets "broke,"
He's a cast-off joke.

CHAPTER X

THE OTHER FELLOW IN POLITICS

It's a modern mania—to enter politics. No matter about the calibre. In our day "the small fry" edge in some way. While the mania increases, the honor decreases. Big men begin to shy at the "pie." Disgraceful materials are being put into political moulds. Personal preference, whims, and caprices are inundating the polls. Old debts are being paid with vulgar votes. Self-respecting, high-class citizens are becoming disgusted. Good men are mourning in vain over vulpine officials.

But there has been a reason—there always is. It had a start—continuance has been easy. Freedom of speech out-

landishly abused was the cradle of craven politics. "The other fellow" was analyzed, scrutinized and anathematized. Nothing remained sacred. The smallest details of his life, private and public, were dug up, hung up and shot up! Faults were focalized upon. Defects were enlarged upon. Blunders were centered upon. Good names were tarnished. Honorable lives were filth-varnished. Sins were vilely garnished. Homes were made hells. Wives were driven all but insane. Children were deeply mortified. His friends became dissatisfied, while he himself was crucified. No wonder "the other fellow" was ready to quit. No marvel that he "had enough of politics." Tongue-lashed from "the stump," castigated by the press, caricatured in libelous car-

toons, men who have honored the office left the office to honor the man.

The little man got his inning. The great man stood by and deplored the state of affairs. The people dropped their heads for very shame. States-craft sickened and died, while impure politics lived and thrived. Today the best men can not afford to "run for office"—they run from it! That we have some "best men" in office is due to extreme pressure brought to bear upon them. It is vicarious sacrifice. Our best men still have political aspirations, but can't afford to indulge them. The price is too high, and the pay is too small. Good men can't deal dexterously in bad "dope." They are no match, therefore, for "the other fellow" in campaigning. They can't whip the devil with his own fire. The "mud-slinging" politician catches

the crowd. Meanness and shrewdness have met together and mated in him. The self-respecting Chesterfield stands no chance in a shysterfield. When charged with crime the tinfoil politician puffs and bluffs, denies and defies. When credited with "graft," he gives it the "horse-laugh," and it dies. When reported as disreputable, he ingeniously replies with a joke! When hemmed in a corner, he slips out by turning scorner!

All is fair in politics—"turn the rascals out!" "The other fellow" is lost sight of under the might of votes. Railroading and side-tracking and clock-stopping and brake-slamming are fine arts in modern politics. The average politician is a past-master in molly-coddling, bumfuzzling and filibustering. They are his stock in trade.

In politics one man's tweedledum is the other fellow's tweedledee. Each announces himself and denounces "the other fellow." Platforms are but platitudinous pledges to perform and reform. The outsiders scandalize the insiders, while the insiders vandalize as did the other fellows before them. Political ruts are deep and long. Reform lingers in the air above the heads of the "dear people" who patiently wait. The wantins would make you look for the millennium were they elected. When "the other fellow" gets in office he forgets to transform the country!

The good "stump speaker" who catches the crowd carries the election. Sophistry outweighs philosophy with petty politicians and their supporters. The "hale fellow well met" who dotes on anecdotes can count on many votes.

Reason is relegated to the rear. Facts take flight and flee out of sight. The day of the other fellow's triumph has come. The high-toned, cultured, dignified statesman is no match for the professional politician. Brains and ability suffer in competition with yarns and hilarity. The superficial shiner, winer and diner musters the masses. When presidential timber, growing in the senate, is felled by "filthy lucre," how can Washington and Jefferson slumber in their sepulchres? When the average politician is declared to be for sale, and politicians produce our laws of states and nation, what must be the future of our country?

CHAPTER XI

THE OTHER FELLOW IN THE WRONG

Self-justification started in Eden—it has never stopped. Nothing seems more natural to mortals than to magnify "my way," and to minify the other fellow's way. It depends partly upon the viewpoint. From my viewpoint my way is right: from the other fellow's viewpoint his way is right. We can never do "the other fellow" justice until we take his place. Narrow people, human pygmies, never do it. Only the broad-gauged, big man of wide range in vision can see from the other fellow's viewpoint. Men breed feuds, and women "fall out" because they see from varying viewpoints. People can always come

together and settle their difficulties when they can "see alike." But the only way to see as "the other fellow" sees is to stand where "the other fellow" stands.

Many features enter into the viewpoint. There is heredity; and there is training; and there is environment; and there is idiosyncrasy. The philosopher takes all into consideration. The fool considers only his own welfare. Wise men search for the why; fools vilify and decry. The man surest of right is often most sadly awry.

Even when "the other fellow" is known to be wrong, certain deference is due him. To be wrong is of itself enough to call for compassion. The man in the right, absolutely, has the vantage-point—he can afford to be generous.

But the world's way is to severely censure the wrongdoer. Since every man is wrong at some time, a fellow-feeling should make us wondrous kind. We watch the lower animals in their scrambles, even unto death, and marvel. But man is an animal, and like his lower kind "scraps" and scrambles.

Finding "the other fellow" in the wrong, why not restore him? Left alone he descends the hill. Duly approached, he is helped up. All men are bound together, even by the bonds of blundering. The ship that veers a hundred miles out of its course to give help to a sinking sister ship has shown the law. Our obligation is one which grows out of mutual dependency. The fellow in the right must help the fellow in the wrong.

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

If a fellow meet a fellow,
Blund'ring 'long the way,
Will a fellow help a fellow,
Lest he further stray?

If a fellow meet a fellow,
Doing something wrong,
Will a fellow tell a fellow,
Thus to make him strong?

If a fellow meet a fellow,
Living with a fault,
Will a fellow call a fellow
To a sudden halt?

If a fellow meet a fellow,
Tell him of his wrong,
Will a fellow hate a fellow,
Curse him to the throng?

But, what is wrong; who is wrong; and when is it wrong? Who shall say? The standpoint largely determines the stand one takes. Then all the facts—not some—must be known, else we may be wrong in declaring "the other fellow" wrong. So, naturally enough, the Great Teacher said, "Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you."

CHAPTER XII

THE OTHER FELLOW IN TROUBLE

All the world's in trouble. It has been so since Eden's tragedy. You can't always tell it. Surface smiles often smother deep distress. The face frequently tells a false tale on the heart. It's a fine art—this disguising grief by refined deceit! The end justifies the means, it is claimed. Each heart knows its own bitterness—"the other fellow" does not. There is a certain sacredness attached to each life. Always, even with the desperado, there is a life's "holy of holies." It should be so. The vulgar gaze of the curious crowd should not be turned on the soul's secrets. There are thoughts, there are words, there are

deeds, there are soul-struggles far too sacred for "the other fellow" to share.

But "the other fellow" has troubles of his own. In how many guises does he appear. Behold "the other fellow" in the person of the tramp. Alone, homeless, houseless, friendless, moneyless, workless, tramping his way over the world. Who cares? Who speaks kindly? Who cheers him? Who holds out hope to him? Who wants to listen to his troubles? Yet here is a man, a mortal being. Born in God's image; created to fill a mission; existing in accordance with a plan—these are the marks of a man. Then he is our fellowman—our brother. Like some straying star he travels his variant course. But in him is the light of God's life. Through his occasional acts that light flashes forth in astonishing brilliancy. In a western city

such a forlorn "other fellow" entered the passenger station and took his seat with the crowd. Others chatted with friends—he sat alone. Others read the daily paper—he quietly meditated. Spying a sheet of white paper on the floor, he reached for it. Drawing out of his vest pocket a pair of blunt-pointed scissors, he used them for five minutes so dextrously on that folded sheet, that the outcome was a piece of rare art. A massive tree, with spreading branches, two birds in the boughs, two squirrels, with gracefully curling tails, busily eating their nuts; beneath two rabbits, and two perfectly formed stags, horns and all! Exquisite piece of paper art! A perfect counterpart of nature's own graceful forms. The unknown "hobo" watched the incoming train load with its outgoing passengers and turned to

once more take up his lonely tramp. The piece of art was flung to the floor with careless abandon.

One bitter cold winter night there came a timid knock at a farmhouse door. A boy fairly in his teens answered it. "Invite the gentleman in," said his mother. The red-faced foreigner entered and bowed and blushed. His broken English could barely betray his need. Once thoroughly warm, with stomach well filled, he became more at ease and made himself more intelligible. That tramp spent years on that farm, and accumulated property, and grew into the affections of the family.

A shrieking whistle failed to frighten a playing babe from between steel rails one day in the suburbs of Chicago. The engineer did not see the tiny life absorbed in play. But a tramp in passing

quickly took in the situation. In flinging aside the little innocent he flung away his own life! Ah, that "other fellow"—who knows his component parts, or his dormant powers?

We censure the suicide while utterly ignorant of his "inside" facts. Dead troubles never kill; living ones do. What troubles one does not another. The amount of trouble this fellow can bear "the other fellow" can't.

There are sundry ways of drowning trouble. One man laughs it off. Another whistles it away. Still another descends to dissipation, while the fourth finds relief in "dope." But there is only one true and thoroughly successful way: "I will be with him in trouble." "Let not your heart be troubled; you believe in God, believe also in me," said Jesus. Trusting the Prince of Peace, you can

cast on him your every care, and just whistle along.

JUST WHISTLE ALONG!

When th' day is sad, and I feel bad,
I just whistle a song;
When th' rain pours down, and most folks frown,
I just whistle along!

When th' work is tough, and things go rough,
I just whistle a song;
When th' pay is small, and I've spent all,
I just whistle along!

When th' heart must ache, 'cause friends forsake,
I just whistle a song;
When black despair seems ev'rywhere,
I just whistle along!

CHAPTER XIII

THE OTHER FELLOW IN PROSPERITY

It's an age-old query—why do some fail and others succeed? Why this unevenness in human life? Why one man live in a mansion, while "the other fellow" stays in a hut? Why has one man "money to burn," while "the other fellow" must struggle money to earn? Why does one man have more than he can eat, while "the other fellow" must "cramp" on meat? Because "the other fellow" can't figure all this out, he'll puff and pout. Because of this inequality there's an increase in criminality. Men are growing desperate over human disparity. Because God made "all men equal" in some sense some men clamor

for equality in every sense. Nor do they stickle for levels. If they can't rise to the higher, they demand that "the other fellow" sink to their lower. The muttering goes on day and night. Discontent permeates the whole atmosphere. "Things in common," is the popular slogan of the day. Once so, who will pledge for it to stay so? Give every man so much land and so much money, and how long will it last? Within twelve months one man will possess more, "the other fellow" less.

We need a new definition of prosperity. In our loose thinking we consider it only a matter of property and possessions. It is that, perhaps; it may be utterly different. When property can not buy peace, is it prosperity? When lands can't lay in love, is it prosperity?

When a big bank account can't clean the skeletons out, why call it prosperity?

One man is busy building a fortune; "the other fellow" toils to construct clean, strong character—which has prospered? One man by doubtful means amasses a large estate; "the other fellow" has health, friends, a good credit, the respect and esteem of his neighbors —which one has really prospered?

But considering prosperity as generally accepted, is it not often due to conditions, or surroundings—matters wholly beyond human control? Then why heap crowns upon the head of the prosperous man? On the other hand, does not "the other fellow" often fail in the face of abundant energy and desperately earnest effort? May not a thoroughly good man exercise poor judgment? Do not the best people make mistakes? May

not one little unintentional blunder spoil every prospect of prosperity? In other words, is prosperity always and necessarily the product of brains and ability? Is it not true that all some men touch turns to money, while all "the other fellow" attempts fails? Then why should we praise the one and censure the other? Why lionize the prosperous man and anathematize the prostrate fellow? May not the man who struggles and loses be entitled to higher honor than he who wins with little effort?

And why should the one fellow who is "down and out" envy "the other fellow" who is prospering in worldly possessions? To gain another's prosperity one must take also the other's accessories. Before coveting the other fellow's annexations one had better take an inventory of his vexations. As every bee

has his sting, so every possession has its poison. If one wants Cleopatra's basket of roses, one must take Cleopatra's asp with it. "Contentment with godliness is great gain." "Fret not thyself because of him that prospereth in his way."

SELLING ONE'S SELF

There came one day to th' throne of God,
A rich man's soul—assurance shod.
His clothes were cut in the latest style,
His face was wreathed in the blithest smile.
The angels asked what brought him there
Who'd lived his life without a prayer.
The rich man pulled his fountain pen,
To write his check for a billion yen.

The angel sighed and shook his head;
The rich man gasped, his face turned red.
"We take no checks on th' banks of earth;

Such things up here are void of worth.
The wealth we know is not in gold,
Nor things of earth to which men hold;
But simple faith in the living God,
As Jesus taught when th' earth he trod."

The man was loath to trust his ears,
Yet showed his face the gravest fears.
Had he spent life in toil and care,
Without a God, without a prayer,
To roll up wealth which now at last
The angel spurned, however vast;
And must he see his long-loved gain
Disdained of God as worthless, vain?

E'en while he stood and looked amazed,
His brain ablaze and all but crazed,
The gate was closed before his face,
The man debarred, in self-disgrace,
Was forced to face the fate he bought
When Self was King, and gold he sought,
To find at last his bags of gold
The paltry price at which he sold.

CHAPTER XIV

THE OTHER FELLOW'S OTHER SELF

Dr. Jeykll and Mr. Hyde are realities. They are everyday dual personalities. No life is single. No one is always the same. The compass is unreliable at times—under certain conditions. Variations must be reckoned with. Every life veers under certain influences. Men do not always show us the same side of themselves. All men are sometimes moody men. Even the jolly man jumps into the dumps at times. A cynic can smile—sometimes does smile. What monotony, were all men always MEN! The beast that's in us at times must whine at least—often it bawls! We can't be good all the time. No one can endure

flogging forever. The flesh has its limitations. There are nerves which make themselves known. There are rights which claim their own. Even the bad in us is a part of us. There are times when the worst of us asserts itself.

No grocer would be judged by a few rotten potatoes. No fellow wants to be known by his baser self—his other self. When a man's usual self is a good self, overlook his bad self. Nine-tenths of our frictions are with the baser—not the better self—of "the other fellow." Here is common ground: All selves are double selves, better and baser. Good self should not compare itself with bad self. But good self with good, and bad self with bad. Friction comes, and factions are formed when good self condemns bad self in a comparison. All men know of their double natures. All

men deplore the fact. There are normal moments when the worst men are good. There are abnormal times when the best men are bad. The world knows naught of self-struggles. Few get due credit for striving to subdue the baser self. The overcomers smile and shine. They have a right to. The undercomers weep and wail in bitterness of soul—in secret. Even deep gratitude is often unexpressed. There are senses too tense, too tremendous, for utterance. There are emotions of regret, and feelings of remorse, indefinable. So the world looking for expression, and finding none, condemns. We see only the outer self. The inner self, if ever seen, would become an outer. The close observer can "sense" it. To feel that "other self"—that unseen self—is intuition. Congeniality is conditioned largely on this

power. The reserve self is often the better self of the two. Mothers say, "My child never shows off at his best in company!" There are others who make the most of the better self.

So there's good in everybody—this self and the "other self." Even so, there's bad in everybody—the one self and the other. Therefore it becomes every self to be patient with every other self. The mantle of charity which this self would ask of that self should be thrown by the one self over the "other self."

The common call is to "be yourself." But that's just what none of us should be. The natural self is a ruined self. Every natural self needs to be another self. The great change for the better is brought about by merging one's self into that Greatest Self. This is losing one's

self, to find another and better self—the LOST self finding itself—SAVED! (Mark 8:35.)

"Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold all things are become new."—Saint Paul.

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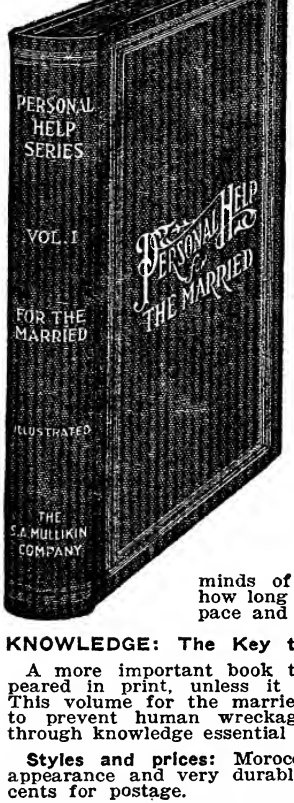

By

Prof. Thomas W. Shannon, A. M.

and other specialists

"The saddest thing in all the world is a human wreck," says B. S. Steadwell, the noted authority on social problems. And he adds, "We find misery where there ought to be happiness, darkness where there ought to be light, ignorance where there ought to be knowledge, vice where there ought to be virtue, and strife where there ought to be peace."

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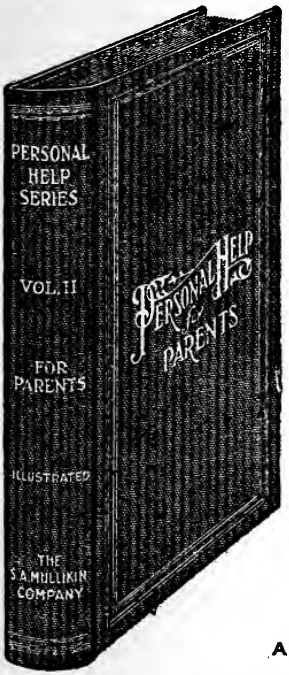

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and other specialists

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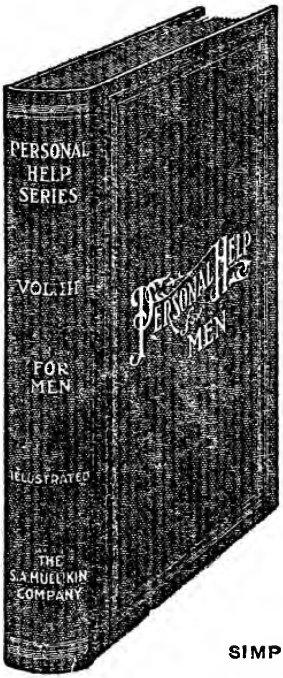

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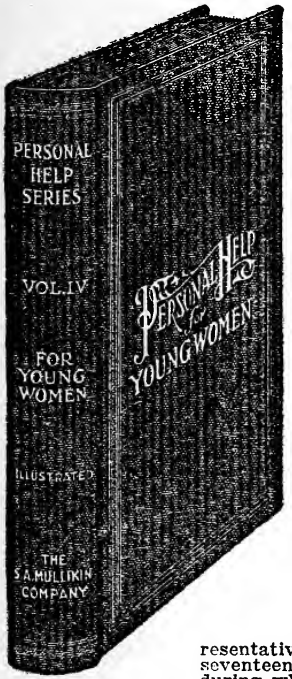

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and

Prof. T. W. Shannon, A. M.

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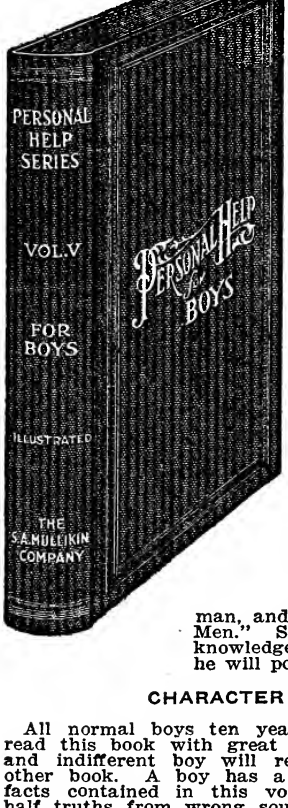

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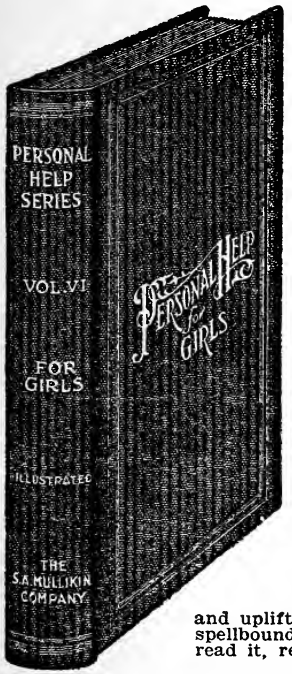

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